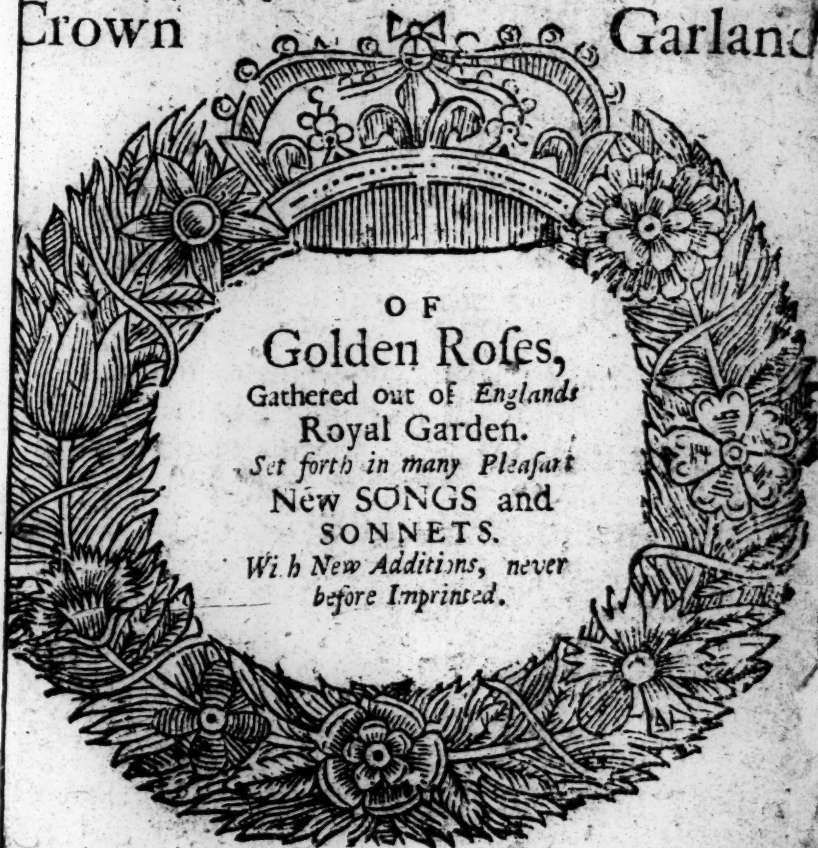


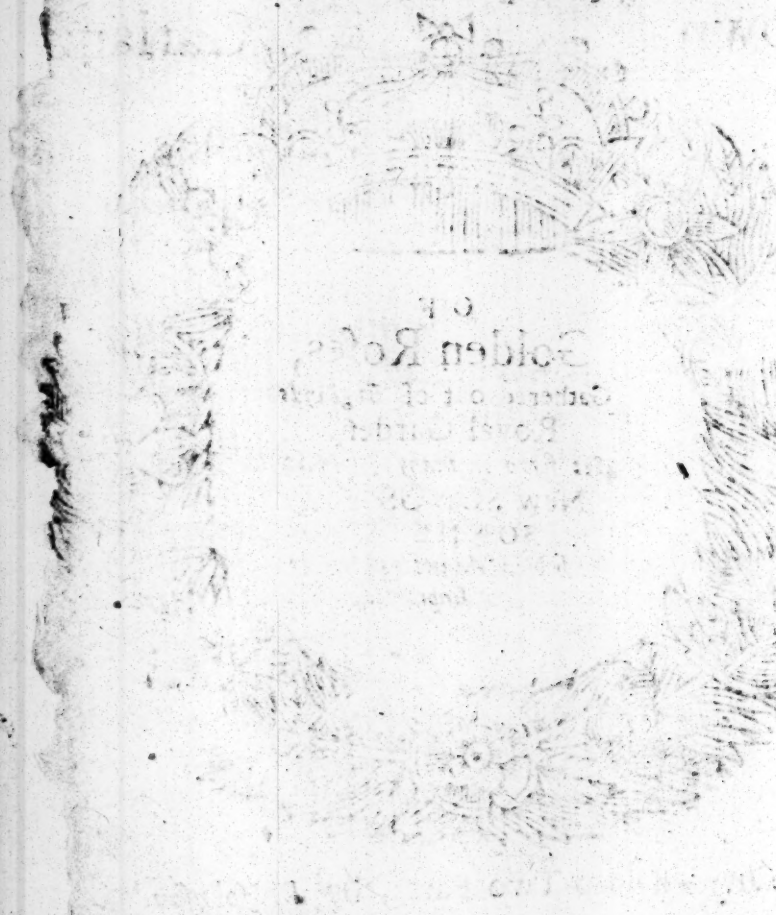
Crown THE Garland



Divided into Two Parts, by R. Johnson.

L O N D O N

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OF
Golden Rule
GIVEN OF THE
BIBLE
AND
THE
GOSPEL
OF THE
NEW TESTAMENT
AND
THE
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OF THE
NEW TESTAMENT

THE
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NEW TESTAMENT



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**A Princely Song made of the Red
Rose and the White, Royally united toge-
ther by King Henry the Seventh, and Eliza-
beth Plantagenet, Daughter to Edward the
Fourth, from whom our Sovereign Lord
King James lineally descended.**

To the Tune of, When flying Fame.

When York and Lancaster made War
within this famous Land,
The lives of Englands Royal Pærs,
did much in danger stand :
Seven English Kings in bloody fields,
for Englands Crown did fight ;
In which their Heirs were all but twain,
of lives bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand English men,
were in one Battel slain,
Yet could not all this English blood
a settled Peace obtain :

A Crown Garland

For Fathers kind their Children kill'd,
and Sons their Fathers slew,
Pea kindred fought against their kind,
and not each other knew.

At last by Henries lawfull claim,
the wailing Wars had end,
For Englands peace he soon restor'd,
and did the same defend:
For Tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
chief breeder of this woe,
By him was slain near Leicester Town,
as Chronicles do show.

All fears of War he thus erild,
which joy'd each English-man,
And days of long desired peace,
within the Land began:
He rul'd this Kingdom by true love,
to cheer his Subjects lives,
For every one had daily joy,
and comfort of their Wives.

King Henry had such a Princely care,
our further peace to frame,
Took faire Elizabeth to Wife,
that gallant Yorkes Dame,
rich Edwards daughter (blest of God,)

of Golden Roses.

to escape King Richards spite,
Was thus made Englands peerless Queen,
and Henries hearts delight.

Thus Henry first of Tudors name,
and Lancaster the first,
With Yorks right Heir a true lobes knot,
did link and tye full fast.
Renowned York the white Rose gave,
habe Lancaster the Red,
By Wedlock were conjoyn'd to grow,
both in one Princely Bed.

These Roses sprang and budded fair,
and carried such a grace,
That Kings of England in their Arms,
afford them worthy place :
And flourish may those Roses long,
that all the world may tell,
The owners of those Princely flowers,
in vertues do excell.

To glorifie these Roses more,
King Henry and his Queen,
First plac'd their Pictures in wrought Gold,
most gorgeous to be seen :
The Kings own Guard now wears the same,
upon their back and breast,

A Crown Garland

Where Love and Loyalty remains,
and evermore shall rest.

The Red Rose on the back is plac'd,
theron a Crown of Gold;
The white Rose on the breast is havy,
and cosly to behold:
Bedeckt most rich with silber Struds,
on Coat of Scarlet red,
A blushing hue, which Englands fance
now many a year hath hved.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet,
these honours first devised,
To welcome long desired Peace,
with us so dearly prized:
A Peace that now maintained is
by Charles our Royal King,
For Peace brings plenty to the Land,
with every blessed thing.

To speak again of Henries praise,
his Princely liberal hand
Gave gifts and graces many ways,
unto this famous Land:
For which the Lord him blessing sent,
and multiplied his store,
In that he left more Wealth to us
than any King before.

of Golden Rofes.

For firft his Sweet and lovely Queen,
a joy above the reft,
Brought him both Sons and Daughters fair,
to make his Kingdom bleff.
The Royal blood that was at ebb,
fo increas'd by his Queen,
That Englands Heirs unto this day,
do flourifh fair and green.

The firft fair bleffing of his Seed,
was Arthur Prince of Wales;
Whofe vertue to the Spanifh Court,
quite o're the Ocean Sails:
There Ferdinand the King of Spain,
his Daughter Katherine gave
For Wife unto the Englifh Prince,
a thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty Youth,
and blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his Sweet life,
to Deaths impartial rage.
Who dying to no Ifue left,
the Sweet of nature joy,
Which compaff England round with grief,
and Spain with sad annoy.

King Henries Second comfort prov'd
a Henry of his name;

A Crown Garland

In following time eighth Henry call'd,
a King of noble fame.

He Conquer'd Bulloign with his Sword,
with many Towns in France,
His manly mind and fortitude,
did Englands fame advance.

He Popish Abbeyes first suppress'd,
and Papists pull'd down;
And bound their Lands by Parliament,
unto his Royal Crown:

He had three Children by three Wives,
and Princes reigning here,
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,
a Queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bare no fruit,
God no such joy did send,
Through which the Kingly Tudors name,
in England here had end:

The last Plantaginet that liv'd,
was nam'd Elizabeth;
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
the greatest Queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
whose Grace gave free consent
To have his Daughters married both

of Golden Roses.

to Kings of high descent:

Margaret the eldest of the twain,
was made great Scotlands Queen,
As wise, as fair, as vertuous,
as e're was Lady seen.

From which fair Queen our Royal King,
by lineal course descendeth,
And rightfully enjoys that Crown,
which God now still befriendeth:
For Tudors and Plantaginet,
by yielding unto death,
Have made Renowned Stuarts name
the greatest upon earth.

His younger Daughter Mary call'd,
as Princely in degree,
Alas by her Father worthy thought,
the Queen of France to be:
And after to the Suffolk Duke,
was made a Noble Wife,
Where in the famous English Court,
she led a vertuous life.

King Henry and his loving Queen,
rejoyc'd to see the day,
To have their Children thus advanc'd,
with Honours every way:

which

A Crown Garland.

Which purchast pleasure and content,
with many years delight;
Till sad mischance by cruel death,
procur'd them both a spight.

The Queen, that fair and Princely Dame,
that Mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joys,
again grew big with Child:
All which brought comfort to her King,
against which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind hearted Queen
in Londons stately Tower.

That Tower that was so fatal once
to Princes of degree,
Provd fatal to this Noble Queen,
for therein dyed she:
In Child-bed lost she her sweet life,
her life esteem'd so dear,
Which had been Englands loving Queen
full many a happy year.

The King herewith posselt with grief,
spent many months in moan,
And daily sigh'd, and said that he,
like her could find out none:
For none could he in fancy chuse,

of Golden Roses.

to make his wedded life.
Therefore a Widower would remain,
the remnant of his life.

His after-days he spent in peace,
and quietness of mind,
Like King and Queen as these two were,
the world can hardly find.
Our King and Queen yet like to them
in vertue and true love,
Have heavenly blessings in like sort,
from heavenly powers above.

A Delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of
England, one of them ordained by King
Henry the Seventh, to the Honour of Mer-
chant-Taylors; shewing how seven Kings
having been free of that Company, and how
lastly it was graced with the Renowned
Henry of Great Britain.

To the Tune of, Treasons Toy.

England is a Kingdom,
of all the world admired;
For watchfulness in pleasures,
that none may be desired,
The

A Crown Garland

The Court is full of nobles,
the City full of wealth,
The Law preserveth Unity,
the Country keepeth health:

Yet no like pomp and glory
our Chronicles Record,
As four great Feasts of England,
do orderly afford:
All others be but Dimmers call'd,
or Banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named Feasts,
which here I will report.

Saint Georges Feasts the first of all,
maintained is by Kings;
Where much Renown and Royalty
thereof now daily rings:
Princes came from foreign Lands
to be Saint Georges Knights,
The Golden Garter this is worn
by sundry worthy wights.

Saint George our English Champion,
in most delightful sort,
Is celebrated year by year,
in Englands Royal Court;
The King with all his Noble Train,

of Golden Roles.

in good and rich Array,
Still glorifies the Festival
of great Saint Georges day.

The honour'd Mayor of London,
the second Feast ordains,
By which the worthy Citizens,
much Commendations gains:
For Lords and Judges of the Land,
and Knights of good request,
To Guild-Hall come to countenance
Lord Mayor of Londons Feast.

Also the Sergeants of the Law,
another Feast affords,
With grace and honour glorifi'd,
by Englands Noble Lords;
And this we call the Sergeants Feast,
a third in name and place;
But yet there is fourth likewise,
deserves a gallant grace,

The Merchant-Taylors Company,
the Fellowship of Fame,
To Londons lasting Dignity,
lives honoured with the same;
Gist King Henry the Seventh gave,
kept once in three years still,

Where

A Crown Garland

Where Gold and Gowns be to pooz men
given by King Henries will.

Full many a good fat Buck he sent,
the fairest and the best.

The Kings large Forrest can afford,
to grace this worthy Feast.

A Feast that makes the number iust,
and last account of four,

Therefore let England thus reoyt,
of Feasts there be no more.

Then let all London Companies,
to highly in Renown,

Give Merchant-Taylois name and fame,
to wear the Lawrell Crown.

For seven of Englands Royal Kings,
thereof have all been free,

And with their loves and favours grac'd
this worthy Company.

King Richard once the second nam'd,
unhappy in his fall,

Of all his Race of Royal Kings,
was Free-man first of all.

Bullingbrook Fourth Henry next,
by order him succeeds;

To glorifie his Brother hood,
by many Princely deeds.

of Golden Roles.

Fif Henry which is valiantly,
deserbed fame in France;
Became free of this company,
fair London to advance;
Sixth Henry the next in reign,
though luckless in his dayes;
Of Merchant-Taylors freeman was,
to their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward that most worthy King,
belov'd of great and small,
Also perform'd a freemans love
to this renowned Hall:
Third Richard which by cruelty,
brought England many woes;
Unto this worthy Company
no little labour thows.

But richest labour yet at last,
proceeded from a King,
Whose Kingdom round about the world
in Princes ears do ring:
King Henry whom we call the seventh;
made them the greatest grac'd;
Because in Merchant Taylors hall,
his Picture now stands plac'd.

Fi
Their Charter was his princely gift,
maintained to this day;

A Crown Garland

He added Merchant to the name
of Taylors, as some say
No Merchant-Taylors they be call'd,
his Royal love was so,
No London Company the like
estate of Kings can show.

From time to time we thus behold
the Merchant-Taylors' Glory,
Of whose renown the Mules Pen
may make a lasting story.
This love of Kings begot such love
of our now Royal Prince,
For greater love than this to them
was ne'r before nor since.

It pleased so his Princely mind,
in meeke kind courtesie,
To be a friendly Freeman made
of this brave company:
O London then in heart rejoyce,
and Merchant-Taylors sing
forth praises of this gentle Prince,
the Son of our good King.

To tell the welcome to the world
he then in London had,
Might fill us full of pleasant joyes,
and make our hearts full glad.

of Golden Roses.

His triumphs where perform'd and done,
long lasting will remain,
And Chronicles report aright,
the order of it plain.

The lamentable Song of the Lord Wilmot Go-
vernour of Warwick Castle, and the fair Maid
of Dunsmore, as a warning to all Maids to have
a care how thy yield to the wanton delights
of young Gallants.

The Tune is, Diana.

In Warwickshire there stands a town,
And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name;
Adjoyning to a Country Town,
made famous by a Maidens name,
Fair Isabel the named was,
A shepherds daughter as some say,
To Wigmores ears her fame did pass,
as she in Warwick Castle lay.
Poor love-sick Lord immediately
Upon her fame set his delight,
And thought much pleasure sure did he,
possessing of so faire a wight.
Therefore to Dunsmore did repair,
To recreate his sickly mind;
Where in a Summers evening late,
his chance was Isabel to find.
She sat amidst a Meadow green,

A Crown Garland

Most richly spread with smelling flowers,
And by a River she was seen,
to spend away some evening hours,
There laid this maiden all alone,
Washing her feet in secret wise,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving eyes.
She thinking not to be espied,
And laid from her her Country tide,
The tresses of her hair untied,
hung glistering like the golden wire.
And as the flakes of winter snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her body was in show,
like silver springs did run her veins.
He caught with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
that never thought they had their fill.
She blinded their affections so,
That reasons rules were led away,
And love the coals of lust did blow,
which to a fire flamed high.
And though he knew the sin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
that none but she could lend him rest.
Lord Wigmore being thus drawn in lust,

of Golden Rofe. A

By liking of this dainty Dame,
 He call'd a Serpents of great trust,
 Inquiring straight what was her name:

She is, quoth he, no murthering hore,
 But a Shepherdes daughter as you see,
 And with her Father leads her life,
 Whose dwellings are by these pastures be.

Her name is Isabel the fairest,
 Then say, quoth he, and speak no more,
 But to my Castle straight betray,
 Her sight hath wounded me full sore.

Thus to Lord Wigmore she was brought,
 Who with delight his fancies fed,
 And through his soft lutes means he taught,
 That he would have her to his bed.

This being done incontinently,
 She did return from thence the same,
 And every day she did invent,
 To cover her yettish shame.

But ere three months were fully past,
 Her crime committed plain & bare,
 Unto Lord Wigmore then in haste,
 He long complain'd with weeping tears.

The complaint of fair Isabel, for the loss of her
 honour, at the end whereof she flew her self.
 To the same Tune.

Lord Wigmore thus I have told,
 And

A Crown Garlande

And spotted my pure Chastitye head; To which yet
 Behold I am conserued by the holy spirit
 to which wile folly pouer is bound
 For now this deed that I haue wrought
 Througheout the Countrey well is knowen
 And to my wofull Parents brought
 who now for me make great moan.
 How shall I look them in the face
 When they my shameles self shall see
 O cursed Eve I feel thy curse
 when thou hadst tasted on the Tree
 Thou hadst the self, and so must I
 But God thy trespass quickly found
 No back to thy sinment com
 but leaue my shamefull to be
 Wide open are mine eyes to look
 Upon my sad and heauy line
 And quite unclasped in the book
 where my account is writt
 This sin of mine becometh death
 But Iudge Lord Wigmore I am he
 For I haue trod a Strumpets path
 and for the signe I neede must
 Be spotted with reproachful shame,
 To which thou shalt be, to which
 And I knowe do be to my blame
 Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.
 Lord Wigmore haile be at thy feet

of Golden Rules A

I praye my just beloved Womb,
 That death may cut off from the world
 this wretched bloode, which hath
 Let modesty accurst this shame,
 Let Love and Lute, and Nature speak,
 Was euer any wretched pee seen
 that in one instance all this
 Then Wigmore justice on me shew,
 For thus consenting to the act,
 Give me my death, for that is due
 to such as live in such a state.
 That the womb had been my grave,
 If I had perisht in my birth,
 That same day may darkness hide,
 I first dyed vital breath.
 Let God regard it not at all,
 Let not the Sun upon it shine,
 Let all thy darkness on it fall,
 for to make known this sin of mine.
 The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
 Let be accurst with mournful cries,
 Let twinkling Stars from sky be ead,
 and clouds of darkness thereon rise.
 Because they shut not up their powers,
 That gave the passage to my life,
 Come sorrow finish up my day,
 and let my time here end without lesse.

A Crowned Garland

And having made this woful moan, ym adart
 A knife he snatched from her side, in which sad
 There Lucrece's partimes rightly shott, and
 For with the same soft Isabel dyd
 Wherewith Lord Wilmour grieved sore, and
 A heart repenting his owne;
 And after would attempt no more,
 to crop the flower of Maidens blisse,
 But liued long in woful wise,
 Till death did snuff up his dayes,
 And now in Isabels grave he lyes,
 till Judgement comes them both to raise,

A Song of Sir Richard Whittington, who by
 strange fortunes came to be thrice Lord
 Mayor of London, with his bountifull gifts
 and liberality given to this honourable City

The Tune is, Dainty come thou to mee

Here must I tell the masse
 of worthy Whittington:
 known to be in his dayes
 thrice Lord Mayor of London;
 But of poor Parentage;
 how he was he as we hear;
 And in his tender age,
 bred up in Lancashire.

Poely

of Golden-Roses A

People to London they were all sent in night
came up this simple. And so he was
here with a Merchant many had required
soon he a dwelling had, and many more
And in a kitchen place, and many more
a scullion for to be, and many more
Whereas long time he past,
in labour drudgingly, and many more
His dayly service was, and many more
turning spits at the fire, and many more
And to scoure pots of brass, and many more
for a poor scullions livelihood, and many more
Eat and drink all his pay, and many more
of coyn he had no store, and many more
Therefore to run away
in secret thought he bore, and many more
So from the Merchant man, and many more
Whittington secretly, and many more
Towards his Country, and many more
to purchase liberty, and many more
But as he went along, and many more
In a fair summers morn, and many more
Londons bells sweetly rung,
Whittington back return, and many more
Evermore sounding so, and many more
turn again Whittington, and many more

A Crowne Garlande

For thou in time shalt growe to noblesse and to glorie
 Lord Mayor of London. Whiche right quene
 Whereupon back againe made the which was
 Whittington came with the which was
 A prentice to remain, which which was
 as the Lord had decreed. and of god noillur

Still blessed be the Bells, which which was
 this was his dayly song,
 They my good fortune tella, which which was
 most sweetly have they which which was
 If God so favor me, which which was
 I will not probe unkind, which which was
 London my love shall see, which which was
 and my large bounties find. which which was

But see this happy chance, which which was
 this Scullion had a Cat,
 Which did his state advance, which which was
 and by it wealth he gat, which which was
 his Master ventured forth, which which was
 to a Land far unknown, which which was
 With Merchandize of worth, which which was
 as is in stories shewn. which which was

Whittington had no more, which which was
 but this pooe Cat as than,
 Which to the Ship he bore, which which was
 which which was

of Golden Rofes.

like a brave valiant man: And so he did
Venturing the same, quoth he,
I may get store of Gold,
And Mayor of London be,
as the bells have me told.

Whittingtons Merchandize
carried to a land,
Troubled with Rats and Mice,
as they did understanding
The King of that Countrey there;
as he at dinner late
Daily remain'd in fear
of many a House and Rat.

Wheat that on trenchers lay,
no way they could keep safe,
But by Rats bore away,
fearing no wand or staffe.
Whereupon soon they brought
Whittingtons nimble Cat,
which by the King was bought
heapt of Gold given for that.

Home again came these men,
with their ships laden so,
Whittingtons wealth began
by this Cat thus to grow.

Scallions

A Clown Garland

Scullions like he forsooke,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon began to look,
how well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose,
hither as did appear.
For to this Cities praise,
Sir Richard Whittington,
Came to be in his days,
thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
thousands he lent his King,
To maintain wars in France,
glory from thence to bring.
And after at a Feast,
which he the King did make,
he burnt the bonds all in dust,
and would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave,
to his prince willingly,
And would no penny have
for this kind courtesie.
As God thus made him great

of Golden Rules.

So he would dayly
For people fed with meat,
to shew his charity.

Prisoners poor therein were,
widows sweet comfort found,
Good deeds both far and near,
of him do still resound.

Whittingtons Colledge is,
one of his charities,
Records reporteth this,
to lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
for Prisoners to lye in,
Christ-Church he did repair
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deeds,
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds,
to such as look thereon.

Lancashire thou hast bred,
this flower of charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
yet lives he lastingly.
Those bells that call'd him to,
turn again Whittington,

Call

A Crown Garland

Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

The Life and Death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end for consenting to the disposing of the two Gallant young Princes, King Edward the fourths children.

The Tune is, Shores Wife.

A Tale of grief I must unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pittie move
The Spirits below the Saints above.

When wars did plague this Maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did stand,
With Kings and Queens he ruled so,
When he said I, none durst say no.

Great Glosters Duke that wash't the Throne
With blood of Kings to mak' his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any Noble of this Land,
Against great Glosters aim did stand,
Did Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

Of Golden-Roses

He hop'd when Richard was made King,
He would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the same.

In Clarence's death he had a hand,
And 'gainst R. Edwards Queen did stand,
And to her Sons bore little love,
When he as bastards mould them prove.

King Edward chose him by his Oath,
In true allegiance to them both,
Which if I fail, I wish, quoth he,
All Christians curse may light on me.

It so fell out on All-Souls day,
By Law his Life was ta'en away;
He had his wish, though not his will,
For Treason's end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
And Richard thereby won the Name,
He challenged honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers:
But all in vain, the King was strong,

And

A Crown Garland

And Stafford needs must latter woe,
His army fail'd and dur'd not tana;

Upon a Traytors false command,
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The King with speed to have him coust,
Did offer full ten thousand pound,
Thus Richard sought to cast him down,
Whose wit did win him Englands Crown.

The Plain old Duke his life to save,
Of his own man did succour crave,
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much Land to him did give.

Baile Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever sham'd,
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him that wrong'd his King.

King Edwards Children he betray'd,
The like against him I woe have play'd;
Being true, my heart him greatly great'd,
But proving false that love is paid.

Thus Banister his matter told

of Golden Roses.

Unto his foe the hire of gold,
But mark his end and rightly see,
The just reward of treachery.

The Duke by Law did lose his head,
For him they sought to do most good,
The man that wrought his masters woe,
By lingering grief was brought full low.

For when the King did hear him speak,
How basely he the Duke did take,
Instead of Gold gave him disgrace,
With banishment from Town to place.

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg,
And crabe for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would head bestow,
That to his Master prov'd a foe.

Thus wandring in this poor estate,
Repenting his misdeed too late,
Till starved he gave up his breath,
By no man pittied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Soe punisht for their Fathers Name:
Within a kernel one was drownd,
Where water scarce could hide the ground:

¶

Another

A Crown Garland

Another by the powers diuine,
Was strangely eaten up of swine :
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,
And such as false to Masters be,
Let disobedient sons draw near,
The judgements well may touch them near.

Both old and young that liue not well,
Lok to be plagu'd from Heaven or Hell.
So haue you heard the story than
Of this great Duke of Buckingham.

The woful death of Queen Jane, Wife to King
Henry the Eighth, and how King Edward was
cut out of his Mothers Belly.

The Tune is, The Lamentation of the Lord
Eli.

Whenas King Henry rul'd this Land
He had a Queen I understand,
Lord Seimors daughter fair and bright,
King Henries comfort and delight :
Yet death by his remorseless power,
Did blast the bloom of his sweet flower.

of Golden Roses.

Oh Mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the Flower of England's dead.

His former Queens being wrapt in lead,
This Gallant Dame possess his bed;
Where rightly from her womb did spring
A joyful comfort to her King,
A welcome blessing to the Land,
Preserv'd by Gods most holy hand.
Oh Mourn, &c.

The Queen in trabel pained sore
Full thirty woeful days and more,
And no way could delivered be;
As every Lady wish't to see.
Wherefore the King made greater moan
Then ever yet his Grace had shewn.
Oh Mourn, &c.

Being something eased in his mind,
His eyes a slumbering sleep did find,
Where dreaming he had lost a Rose,
But which he could not well suppose,
A Ship he had, a Rose by name,
Oh no, it was his Royal Jane.
Oh Mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

A Crown Garland

Being thus perplext with grief and care,
A Lady to him did repair,
And said, O King, shew us thy will,
The Queens sweet life to save or spill,
If she cannot delibered be,
Yet save the flower though not the tree.

Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a sleep they cast
His Queen, which hebermore did last,
And opening then her tender womb
Alive they took this budding bloom.

Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought
And cheer'd his fathers drooping thought.
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with vertue, wit and fame,
And when his father left this earth,
He rul'd this Land by Lawfull birth.

Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

of Golden Rases,

But mark the powerfull will of Heaven,
All from his joy were soon bereaven,
Six yeares he reigned in this Land,
And then obeyed Gods command.
And left his crown to Mary here,
Whose fife yeares reign cost England dear,
Oh mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Europes pride and Englands star,
Wonder of the world, for such a Queen
Under Heaven was never seen,
A Maid, a Saint and Angel bright,
In whom all Princes took delight.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the flower of England's dead.

A short and sweet Sonnet made by one of the
Maids of honour; upon the death of Eliza-
beth, which she sewed upon a sampler in red
filk.

The Tune is, *Phillida* flouts me.

Gone is Elizabeth,
whom we have lov'd so best,
She our kind Mistris was,
full four and forty y^{ea}rs.

A Crown-Garland.

England she govern'd well
not to be blamed,
Flanders she govern'd well,
and Ireland famed.
France she befriended,
Spain she had spoiled,
Papists rejected,
and the Pope spoiled.
To Princes powerful,
to the world vertuous,
To her foes mercifull,
to Subjects gracious.
Her Soul is in Heaven,
the world keeps her Glory,
Subjects her good deeds,
and so ends my story.

The Life and Death of Famous Lord Stukely,
an English Gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth,
who ended his days in a battle of
three Kings in Barbary.

The Tune is, King Henries going to Bullen.

In the west of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers son,
Deeds of wonder he hath done,

of Golden Roses.

to purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell this story,
Pride was all his glory,
and lusty Stukely he was call'd in Court,
he serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best,
maintaining still himself in gallant sort,

Being thus esteemed,
And every where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Courtis he was called then,
to whom a later gallantly he came.

When he her person spyed,
He could not be denyed,
so hyade a gentleman he was to see,
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her father willingly did so agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
till cruel death with his regardless spite,
Boye old Courtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wish't to have,

A Crown Garland

that he might rebel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely presumed
to spend a hundred pound that day in wast,
The bravest gallants in the Land,
Had Stukelys purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he pass.

Taberns and Ordinaries
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden Angels there flew up and down,
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night :
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting Land and living,
By this Lawles gubing,
at last he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Courtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you heard.

When his wife so grieved,
Desir'd to be relieved,
make much of me dear husband, she did say :
Ile make much more of thee, quoth he,
Than any one shall verily,

of Golden-Roses.

He sell thy Cloaths and so will go away,

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travel'd into Italy with speed;
There he flourish'd many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Ladies pleasure,
To give him gold and Treasure,
to maintain him great pomp and fame,
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battle in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant
Sold both Land and Talent,
to follow Stukely in this famous fight.
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within the battle shew themselves in fight,

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the King of Portugal
had entertainment like to Gentlemen.
The King affected Stokely so,
That he his secrets all did know,

and

A Crown Garland

and bore his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each King did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary,
Portugal with all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they resounded,
Thundring Drums rebounded.
kill, kill, as then was all the Souldiers cry
Wangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the Earth was drown'd,
the Sun was likewise darkned in the Sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of Gods heavy wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearfull blazing star,
whereby these Kings might their misfortunes

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilfull murder,
where sixscore thousand fighting men were
Three Kings within this Battel dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
the

of Golden Roses.

the like will neuer more he fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding,
this bloody sacrifice of Soules that day.
He fighting said, I woful wight
Against my conscience here do fight,
and brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed,
those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murdering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow sounded,
and to them all he made this heaby moan :
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be so vilely murdered here,
even in this place whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly spent in idle course of life
all that I have done is past I see,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,
there.

A Crown Garland
therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
And death I feel presumeth
to change this Life of mine into a new,
Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
I li'd and dy'd in love of Kings,
and so haue Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's Life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly,
Where now there stands upon his grave,
A stately Temple builded haue,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

A most Royal Song of the Life and Death of
our late Renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.

The Tune is, The Ladies Fall.

In England reigned once a King,
eight Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bulloin Queen
of England in great fame:
Who brought unto this Country joy,
and to her King delight,
A daughter that in England made

Gods

of Golden Roses.

Gods Gospel mine most bright.

At Greenwich was the Princes boyn,
that gallant place in Kent,
A house belov'd of Kings and Queens,
a house of sweet content.

Even in her Child-hood she began,
so stor'd with heavenly grace,
That all estates both high and low,
her vertues did embrace.

Pone like Elizabeth was found,
in Learning so Divine,
She had the perfect skillfull art,
of all the Muses nine :

In Latine, Greek, and Hebrew she
most excellent was known,
To foreign Kings Ambassadors,
the same was dayly shewn.

The Italian, French, and Spanish tongue,
she well could speak or read,
The Turkish and Arabian speech,
grew perfect at her need.

The musick made her wonderfull,
so cunning therein found,
The same whercof about the world,
in Princes ears did sound.

A Crown Garland

Yet when her Royal parents liues
by death were tane away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd
to clods of earth and clay.
Her cruel sister Mary sought
her lasting grief and woe,
Regarding not the gifts which God
upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign Queen Mary liv'd,
a Papist in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
a great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful Protestant she was,
at which Queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeths mishaps
she dar'y much delighted.

Poor Maiden by the Bishops wills,
in Prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters,
in cruel manner shut.
Much hoping she would turn in time,
and her true faith forsake.
But firm she was, and patiently
did all these troubles take.

Her sister forthwith gave command,

her

of Golden Roses.

her dyet to be small,
Her servants likewise very few,
yea almost none at all,
And also would have tane her life,
but that King Philip said,
O Queen thy country will report,
thou hast the Tyger plaid.

The Lord thus put the King in mind
his chosen Saint to save,
And also to Queen Maries life
a sudden ending gave,
And so Elizabeth was fetcht
from prison to a Crown,
Which she full four and forty years,
possess with great renown.

She Popery first of all suppress,
and in our English tongue,
Did cause Gods Bible to be read,
which Heaven continue long.
Pure preaching likewise she ordain'd,
with plenty in this Land,
And still against the foes thereof,
most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this Queen abates,
and spightful Spaine keeps under,

And

A Crown Garland

And succour'd much low Country States,
whereat the world did wonder,
That Such a worthy Queen as she
should work such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this Land,
than all our former Kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines
in spight of all our foes
Throughtout all parts of Christendome,
her brave adventure shows.
Her battels fought upon the Seas,
resounded up to Heaven,
Which to aduance her fame and praise,
had victorie still giuen.

The Spanish power in Eighty Eight,
which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly like an Amazon,
their purposes withstood,
And boldly in her Royal Camp,
in person she was seen,
The like was never done I think,
by any English Queen.

Full many a Traytor since that time,
she hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all

of Golden Roses.

her courage could affright,
For mercy joy'n'd with Majesty
still made her Foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
to have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
of Rebel in that Land,
Though ne'r so desperate, bold and stout,
yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble sore
but for to hear her name,
She planted peace in that fair Land,
and did their wildness tame.

Though wars she kept with dangers great;
in Ireland, France and Spain:
Yet her true subjects still at home,
in safety did remain:
They joy'd to see her Princely face;
and would in numbers run
To meet her Royal Majesty,
more thick than Goats in Sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
a swift foot course did run:
And of this Royal Maiden Queen,
a full conquest won.

A Crown Garland.

Her death brought feare upon the Land,
no words but tales of woe
In subjects ears resounded then,
where euer men did go.

But feare exchang'd to present joys,
Sweet comforts loud did ring,
Instead of Queen the people cry'd,
long live our Royal King.
Which name of King did seem most strange
and made us loze to muse
because full many a year the name
of King we did not use.
But such a noble King is he,
and so maintains our peace,
that we in that may dayly wish,
his life may never cease.
For hopefull and most Royal Prince
good Angels still defend,
This is my Muses chief desire,
her melody to end.

A Song of a King and Beggar.

I read that once in Africa,
a Prince that there did reign,
had to name Cophetua,
Poets they did feign :
From

of Golden Roses.

From natures Laws he did decline,
For sure he was not of my Mind,
He cared not for Woman-kind,
but did them all disdain:

But mark what hapned on a Day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a Beggar all in Gray,
which did increase his pain.

The blinded Boy that shoots so trim,
from Heaven soon did hie,
He drew a Dart and shoot at him,
in place where he did lye:

Which soon did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the Arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
he look'd as he would dye.

What sudden change is this (quoth he)
That I to love must subiect be,
Which never thereto would agree,
but still did it deny.

Then from the window he did come
and laid him on his bed,
A thousand heaps of cares did run
within his troubled head:

For now he means to erabe her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove,

A Crown Garland

How he his fancy might remove,
and not this Beggart wed,
But Cupid did him so ensnare,
That this poo? Beggart must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
he thought for to devise
How he might have her company
that so did maz'e his eyes:
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
the gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his Palace gate he goes,
Full little then this Beggart knows,
when she the King espies.

The Gods preserve your Majesty,
the Beggars all began to cry,
Brouhake to give your Charity,
our Children food to buy.
The King to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great hast,
The silly woman was the last,
that after them did hast.

The

of Golden Roses.

The King he call'd her back again, and said
And unto her he said, *thou shalt remain,*
And said, *with us thou shalt remain,*
till such time as I dye.

For surely thou shalt be my wife,
and honoured like the Queen;
With thee I mean to lead my life;
as shortly shall be seen.
Our wedding shall be celebrated,
And every thing in its degree;
Come, on quoth he, and follow me;
thou shalt go with thee clean.

What is thy name, go on, quoth he;
Penolophon, O King; quoth he;
With that he made a low courtesy;
a trim one as I ween.

Thus hand in hand along they walk
unto the Kings Palace;
The King with courteous comely talk
this Beggar doth embrace:

The Beggar blushed Scarlet red;
And straight again as pale as lead;
he was in such a maze:

At last he spake with trembling voice
And said, O King, I do rejoyce,
That you will take me for your choice;
and my degree's so base.

A Crown Garland

And when the wedding day was tolde,
The King commanded straight
The Noblemen both all and sothe,
Upon the Queen to wait
And she behav'd her self that day,
As if she had never walkt that way,
She had forgot her gown of Gray,
Which she did wear of late;
The proverb old is come to passe,
The Priest when he begins his Masse,
Forgets that ever Clerk he was,
He knoweth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
Through fancy long time led,
Compelled by the blinded Boy,
The Beggar for to wed:
He that did Lovers looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Else he would himself have dain,
In stories as we read:
Disdain no whit, O Lady dear,
But pittie now thy servant here,
Lest that it hap to thee this year,
As to that King it did.

And thus they led a quiet life,
During their Princely reign,

of Golden Roses.

And in a Tomb were buried both,
as Writers shew us plain:
The Lords they took it grievously,
The Ladies took it heavily,
The Commons cryed pitiously,
their death to them was pain,
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry Sky,
And throughout all the world did fly
to every Princes Realm.

A Lovers Song in praise of his Mistriss.

To the Tune of Apelles.

I If that Apelles now did reign,
who ever sought for to have fame,
He might have won with lesser pain,
a greater honour to his name,
For with great pain he sought all Greece
Till he had found the fairest piece.

Throughout all Greece he could not view
so fair, so soft, so fine withall,
Nor yet his pencill euer drew
so faire a piece, nor ever shall,
Wherefore if he had seen these days,
He might have won a greater praise,

A Crown Garland

A happy man might he have said,
if he had lived to this time,
For to have seen so fair a Maid,
in all proportion made so fine,
Her fulgent face so fair, so clear,
That Europe cannot shew her peer.

Pigmalion with his gravers then,
could never work so fair a piece,
Nor yet Apelles in his time,
did ever see the like in Greece;
For if he had he would have said,
That Venus was not like this Maid.

She is a graft of noble growth,
and worthy is she of her name,
For why her vertue plainly sheweth,
that well she hath deserb'd the same.
Wherefore my painfull pen always
Shall never cease to write her praise.

Oh that my Pen could Print her praise,
according to her just desert,
That I may say and see those dayes,
that I desired with my heart,
For still I thought and ever shall
My Mistresses praise might pass them all.

Now proof and praise in one is knit,

and

of Golden Roses.

and hath blown to praise this Maid;
And justice doth in judgment sit,
for to perform what you have said;
Thus to conclude, an end to make,
Unto the Gods I here betake.

Another.

To a New Tune.

THE Bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower,
And I do love that Lady truly,
Why should not I love her that loves me?
The Bird doth love the morning bright,
To see the day is her delight,
And I do love to see her face,
In whom that I do love is my solace.

The Fish doth love the floods by kind,
For want of them they are but pin'd,
And I do love her presence also,
Whom I do love and love no more:
The Leopard doth love to lye and prey
Upon the faces that go him by,
And I do love to look and gaze,
Upon my true loves pleasant face.

The deer doth love in Woods to dwell,

As

A Crown Garland

As I to you the truth shall tell,
And I do love as doth the Deere,
Oh where I love, would that I were!
Troilus that Lord withal his might,
Chryseid of Troy that was so bright,
And I do love as far as he,
And ever shall until I dye.

A servant's sorrow for the loss of his late Royall
Mistress, Queen Anne, who deceased at Hamp-
ton Court, the second of March, 1618.

The Tune is, In sad and Ashey weeds.

In dole and deep distress
poor soule I sighing make my moan,
A doom of heaviness
constrains my heaby heart to groan.
then haples I
that thus must cry
Against those sickers three,
which to my pain,
her life have tane,
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn,

of Golden Rosos.

my Princes absence to console
Who never can return
unto my sad forsaken Court,
yet will I show
the grounds of woe,
Of such as mourners be,
for sorrowing care
will be my share,
When none will comfort me
My golden Sun is fled,
and clearest day beset with clouds,
A hollow sheet of Lead
my late beloved Princes shroud,
for whose sweet sake
this moan I make,
As all the world may see,
there is no joy,
but in annoy,
Then who can comfort me
With grief I waste away
remembering of my gracious Queen
We servants all may say,
and witness well what she hath been,
a Princes kind,
of Royal mind,
Adorn'd with courtesie,

but

A Crown Garland

but now a grave
Her Grace will have,
And none will comfort me,

Oh let my iresfull cries
to sadnes Court and Country make,
No mourning may suffice
to tell my dear affecting love,
nor worlds of woes
cannot well show,

The griefs that settled be
within my head,
so much distress,
So none can comfort me,

Yet mourners there be store
of Kings, of States, and Princes high
Who sadly do deplore
the want of that sweet Majesty:
who spent her days,
in vertuous ways,
And doing good, we see
her liberal hand
adornd this Land
Which much doth comfort me.

My Soberaign Lord King James
lamenting moans his Turtle Dear,

of Golden Roses.

And Princely Charles out-streams

full many a sad and sorrowfull tear,

so as that race

of Royall Grace

And bloomings of Majesty,

conjoyn in one,

for to make moan,

Pet none will comfort me.

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,

with Denmarks most true honoured King,

Unto sad sorrows thine,

some sacrificing tears will bring :

Elizabeth,

thy Mothers death

A mournfull news will be,

to fill those Courts with sad reports,

Pet no man Comforts me.

It thinks the Netherlands,

and German Princes of her Kin,

Postest with sorrow stand,

and sadly thus their grief begin :

Farewell, adieu,

Sweet Queen so true,

Thy life much mist will be ;

for Rich and Poor,

fed on thy store,

But

A Crown Garland

But now none comforts me.

Where e're her highness went,
Sweet bounty frankly she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
unto the world she nobly show'd :
with many ways
advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
the which did move
all men to love,
But now none comforts me.

Your Ladies fair and fine,
attendants on this Royal Queene,
Her grace is made Divine
on this dull earth not to be seen,
her soule is flown
up to the Throne
Where Angels reigning be,
whilst I aspire
to vain desire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould
which shall contain so sweet a prize,
Keep safe the same inroll'd,
untoucht, unseen by mortall eyes.

till

of Golden Roses

till from this Earth
a second birth
Of newness framed be,
and till that hour
preserve this flower,
Whose goodness comforts me.

A Queen and Mother dear
a Wife, a Daughter to a King,
A Sister Royal here,
and Grandam as renown both ring:
which rich boyn fame
hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
yet after days
shall sound her praise,
Which greatly comforts me.

The good Shepherd's sorrow for the death of
his beloved Son.

To an Excellent New Tune.

I A sad and ashy weeds
I sigh, I pine, I grieve, I mourn,
My Mats and yellow Reeds
I now to Heat and Ebon turn,

A Crown Garland

my turgid eyes,
like winter skyes,
My furrowed cheeks o'reflow,
all Heauen knows why
men mourn as I,
And who can blanie my woe?

In sable Robes of night,
my dayes of soy apparel'd be
My sorowes see no light,
my light through sorowes nothing see,
for now my sun
his date hath run,
And from his Sphere doth go,
to endless bed
of folded Lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now forsake,
that silly sheep my grief may know;
And lillies loath to take,
that since his fall presume to grow:
I enby apr,
because it dare,
Still breathe, and be not so,
hate earth that doth
intombe is youth,
And who can blame my woe?

of Golden Ropes.

Now I poor led alone, could stand
alone how can such sorrows stand?

Not only men make moan,
but more than men make moan with me
the Gods of Heavens,
the Mountain Nymphs,

The Faies, the Muses nine,
the Nymphs divine,

Do all condole my woe.

You awful Gods of skies,
if Shepherds may you question thus:

What Ditty to supply,
took you this Gentle Star from us?
Is Hermes fled?

Is Cupid dead?
Dost Sol his seat forgot?

O Jove his Joy,
he stole from Troy;

O who hath fram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, O Heavens,
adore your light as before:

But that amidst you seven,
you fixed have one planet more:
you may well raise
now double days.

A Crown Garland

On this sad Earth below,
your powers have won
another Sun,
And who can blame my woe?
At your great hands, I ask
this boon which you may easily grant,
That till my utmost mask
of death I still may wear his wane,
since his divine
parts with you shine
Too bright for us below,
and earths sad best
entombs the rest,
Yet mine is all the woe.



Corydon's Comfort.

The Second Part of the good Shepherd.

To the same Tune.

Peace Shepherd, cease to moan,
in vain is all this grief and woe,
For him that's from us gone,

of Golden Roses

and can alack return no more,
but yet indeed
the Dafen Reed
And mirth thou late dost know,
I blame thee not
if now forgot,
for who can blame my woe.

The breath had once a sound
harmonious, is in sighing spent?
The Temples once were bound
with chaplets, or a pleasant scent,
now Cypriess wear
thy grief and care
To all the world of show,
the pipe so sweet,
thy lips so meet,
and who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the brook
hath been delightfull to thy ear,
Much pleasure hast thou took
sweet Philomela's note to hear:
to see that quill
from bush to brier
leap lightly to and fro,
the Summers Queen,
attir'd in green,
But now 'tis nothing so.

A Crown Garland.

To see the Queen of flowers,
when hoary Hyems part is done;
Deck up those Summer Bowers,
defend us from the parching Sun;
to see the ground
embroidered round,
And every tree to show
his bird dye
hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so.

Too well I know thy sheep
at random graze upon the plain;
Grief lulls thee now asleep,
and now thou walk'st to grief again;
asleep awake,
for his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show;
no bed of rest
can ease thy brest,
And who can blame thy woe?

No man, the man that killeth
for whom our lamenting bodies wear
The robes of saddest hue,
and woes more black imbrued bear,
can well forbear
to shed a tear,

Gilese

of Golden Roles.

Griefs still will overthrow,
pale sorrows curle
bath still such force,

Then who can blame my woe?

Then woes I cannot blame
but in sorrows bear a part,
Per now to patience frame,
and see the salve cures all our smart:

this bud is dead,

is gone, is fled,

But in his place doth grow,

a flower as fair,

as fresh as rare,

And he cures all our woe.

A Mournfull Ditty for the Death of the fair Ro-
samond King Henry the Seconds Concubine.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

When as King Henry Rul'd this Land,
The second of that name,
Besides the Quen he dearly lov'd
A fair and Princely Dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour and her Grace,

A Crown Garland

A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince embrace,
Her crisped locks like threds of Gold,
appeared to each mans sight;
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her Crystal cheeks
did such a colour dye,
As though the Lilly and the Rose,
for Mallowship did dye.
Pea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elindor our Queen,
Was known a mortal foe:
The King therefore for her defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen,
Most curiously this Bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this Bower belong:
And they so cunningly contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Ladies sake
that was so fair and bright,

of Golden Roses.

The keeping of this word he gaged
 Unto a valiant Knight, who was
 But fortune that doth oft crowne
 Where she before did smile,
 The Kings delight, the Ladies joy,
 Full soon she did beguile
 For why the Kings magnificient Son,
 Whom he did high aduance,
 Against his Father raised war,
 Within the Realm of France,
 But yet before our comely King
 The English Land forsook,
 Of Rosamond, his Ladye last,
 His last farewell he took.
 O Rosamond, the only Rose,
 That pleaseth best mine eye,
 The fairest Rose in all the world
 To feed my fantasie;
 The flower of mine affected heart,
 Whose wourtness doth excell,
 My Royal Rose a thousand times,
 I bid thee now farewell.
 For I must leaue my fancies flower,
 My sweetest Rose a space,
 And crosse the Seas to famous France,
 Proud Rebels to abase.
 But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
 My coming shortly see,

A Crown Garland

And in my heart while hence I am, I will
 I'll bear my Rose with me, in a small
 When Rosamond that Lady bright
 Did hear the King say so, and so she
 The sorrow of her griefs beat
 Her outward part did show, and
 And from her eyes and crystal eyes
 The tears gush out apace, and
 Which like the silver dew
 ran down her comely face,
 Her lips like to a coral bed,
 Did wax both wan and pale,
 And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
 Her vital Spirits did fail;
 And falling down all in a swoon,
 Before King Henry's feet,
 Full oft within his princely arms,
 her corps he did embrace,
 And twenty times with watery eyes,
 he kiss her tender cheeks,
 Until he had reviv'd again
 her senses mild and meek,
 Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose,
 the King did often say,
 Because, quoth she, to bloody wars
 My Lord must part away.
 But sit your Grace in foreign Coasts,
 among your foes unkind,

Mut

of Golden RofesA

Must go to hazard life and Limb, yet some shall
 why should I stay behind and you? I shal
 Pay rather let me like a Page, and Target be
 your Shield and Target beards. I am not
 That on my breast this blow may light, but
 that should annoy your selfe, yet this I shal
 O let me in your Royal Court, and
 prepare your selfe, as may be, and
 And with sweets Baths refresh your Grace
 at your return from fight, and
 So I your presence may enjoy, and
 no toyl I will refuse, and
 But wanting you my life is death,
 which doth true love abuse: and
 Content thy self my dearest Friend,
 Thy rest at home shall be, and
 In Englands sweet and pleasant soyl,
 For trabel fits not thee: and
 Fair Ladies brook no bloody wars,
 Sweet peace their pleasures breed, and
 The nourishers of their hearts content,
 which fancy first doth feed. and
 My Rose doth rest in Woodstock Bower,
 with Musicks sweet delights, and
 While I among the piercing darts
 against my Foes do fight, and
 My Rose in Robes of Peacock Gold,
 with Diamonds richly dight, and
 Shall

A Crown Garland

Shall dance the Galliards of my love
 whilst I my foes do smite;
 And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
 to be my Loves defence,
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose
 when I am parted hence;
 And therewithall he should
 as though his heart would break,
 And Rosamond for very grief,
 not one plain word could speak
 And at their parting well they might
 in heart be grieved sore;
 After that day fair Rosamond
 did see the King no more.
 For when his Grace had past the Seas,
 and into France was gone,
 Queen Elinor with envious heart
 in Woodstock came anon;
 And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
 which kept this curious Bower,
 Who with this twined clew of thread,
 came from that famous flower:
 And when that they had wounded him,
 the Queen this thread did get,
 And went where Lady Rosamond
 was like an Angel set.
 But when the Queen with stedfast eyes
 beheld her heavenly face,

She

of Golden Rofes

She was amazed in her mind
at her exceeding grace,
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thee of this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee,
But presently upon her knee
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd
for her offences all:
Take pity of my youthfull years,
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with Poison strong
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a Cloyster hide,
Or else be banisht if your please,
to range the world so wide:
And for the fault that I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserue my Life and punish me
as you think good to do:
And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there,
And down along her lovely cheeks
proceeded many a tear,
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be,

The

A Crown Garland

The Cup of deadly poyson she
as she sat on her knee,
She gave that comely Dame to drinke,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her beaded knees arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyson strong,
her life she lost withall:
And when that death through every kind
Had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
She was a glorious sight:
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstow near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

A Most Rare and Excellent History of the Dut- chess of Suffolks Calamity.

To the Tune of, *Queen Anne.*

When God had taken for our sin
that prudent Prince R. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin,

his

Leaf Golden-Roses

his raging malice to be wroth
All those that did Christ profess, do not yet
Are persecuted quite as he in almost all our land

Thus while the Lord did so to love
many in prison he did them
Tormenting them in Lollards' Tower
whereby they might the truth forget
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the good
were burn'd in the same fire

Smithfield, was then with faggots fill'd
and many places more for their
At Coventry was Sanders kill'd
at Worcester was Hooper
And to escape this bloody day
Beyond Seas many went away

Amongst the rest, that sought relief,
and for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chief,
King Henries Daughter of Royal blood,
Within the Tower did Prisoner lye,
Looking each day when she should dye

The Dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
whose life likewise the Tyrant sought,
Then in the hope of heavenly bliss,
within

A Crown Garland

within Gods Mercy her contrite Widow did
For fear of death take that Day,
And leave her house middest of Day.

That for the love of Christ alone, she did
her Lands and Goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious Rite,
the Widow of truth to take her part;
She with her Maide, her Husband and Child
In poor array they aye began.

Thus through London they passed along,
each one did take a Federal Oath,
Thus all unknown escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor in Gravesend Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend Town,
with Journeys more on foot they went,
Unto the Seas coast they came down,
to pass the Seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took Ship and sail away.

And with a prosperous wind,
in Flanders safe they did arrive:
This was to their great ease of mind,

and

of Golden Rose

and from their hearts much love did they
And so with thanks to God on high, being glad
They took their way to Germany, and light and glad

Thus as they travel'd still disguised
upon the high way suddenly, as it was
By cruel Thieves they were surpris'd
assailing their small company
And for their treasure and their store, it was
They took away and beat them for evermore

The Purse in middle of the night, was
laid down the Child upon the ground
She run away out of their sight, being found
and never after that was found
Then did the Dutches make great mourning
With her good husband all alone

The Thieves had their hoyses full
and all their money quite had took
The pretty Baby almost spoil'd by
was by the Nurse like Wolfe she took
And they saw from their friends did stand
All succourless in a strange Land

The Skies like Wolfe began to scowle
it hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort
The way was long and piteous foul
Then

A Downfall

then they all most full with rejoyce
 Their grief and sorrow was not long
 When this unhappy chance was called: soon good

Sometimes the Dutchess to the King
 as well as ever she could beget
 And when the King and his wife
 was weary, then the Dutchess
 And thus they often met
 And with their fortunes were well pleased

And after many many days
 all weathers both in life and mind
 After much grief, their heart it leaps
 for labour both to rest require
 A Town before them they did see
 But lodg'd therein they could not be

From house to house then they did go
 seeking where they that night might lie
 But want of money was their woe
 and still the Duke with cold
 With cap and knee they did
 But none on them would pity take

Loe here a Prince of great blood,
 both pray a peasant for relief,
 With tears bedewed as the flood,

of Golden Roses.

Yet few or none regards her grief;
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were spent,
and that they could not house-room get,
Into a Church Porch then they went,
to stand out of the rain and wet:
Then said the Dutcheſs to her Dear,
Oh, that we had a fire here.

Then did her Husband so provide,
that fire and Coals he got with speed;
She sat down by the fire side,
to dress her Daughter that had need:
And whilst she dress'd it in her Lap,
her Husband made the Infant nap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken Knave, all bold of game,
to drive them out was his desire:
And spurning forth that Noble Dame,
her Husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all-in fury as he stood,
he wrung the Church Keys out his hand;
And struck him so, that all the blood

A Crown Garland

his head ran down where he did stand;
Wherefore the Serjon presently,
For help and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
and took the Dutchels and her Child,
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lamos betwix Tygers wild.
And to the Governour were brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Master Barty brave and bold
in Latine made a gallant Speech,
Which all their misery did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a Word sitting by,
Did know the Dutchels presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with words abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did wait,
he thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight, quoth he,
A princeles of most high degree.

With that the Governour and the rest
were all amazed the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new come Guest,
with

of Golden Rokes.

with reverence great and Princely chear,
And afterwards conbey'd they were
Unto their friend, Prince Cassemere.

A Son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
of courage great and worthy fame :
Her Daughter young which with her went
Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceast,
the Dutchess home return'd again,
Who was of fortune quite deceast,
by Queen Elizabeths happy reign ;
Whole godly life and piety
We still may praise continually.

A Crown Garland

The Second Part.

The lamentable fall of the great Duke of Gloucester, the Wife to Duke Humfrey; how she did Penance in London Streets bare-footed, with a Wax Candle in her hand, and how at last she was banished the Land, where in Exile, in the Isle of Man, she ended her days in woe.

To the Tune of, Fortune my foe.

I Once a Dutcheſs was of great renown,
My Husband near allied to Englands Crown,
The good Duke of Humfrey titled was his name,
Till Fortune crown'd upon his glorious fame,
Henry the Fifth, that King of gallant grace,
Of whom my Husband claim'd a Brothers place,
And was Protector made of his young Son,
When Princely Henries thred of life was spun.

Henry the Sixth, a Child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this Land, with all our Barons bold,
And in brave Paris Crowned King of France,
Fast England with more honour to advance:
Then sway'd Duke Humfrey like a glorious King
And was Protector over every thing,

Even

of Golden Roses.

Even as he would please to his hearts desire,
But Envy soon extinguish'd all his fire.

In height of all his Pompall Majesty,
From Cobham-house with speed he married me
Fair Elianor, the pride of Ladies all,
In Court and City people did me call.

Then staunted I in Greenwich stately Towers,
My Winters Mansions & my Summers Bowers
Which gallant House now, since those days, hath
The Palace habite of many a King & Queen.

The silber Thames that sweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of Majesty :

The kind contents, and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after :

No gallant Dame, nor Lady in this Land,
But much desired in my love to stand ;

My Golden Pride increased day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On Gold and Silber Looms my Garments fair,
Were woven still by women, strange and rare,

Imbroidered curiously with Median Silk,
More white than thistle-down, or mornings milk :

My Coaches and my stately painper'd Steeds,
Well furnish'd in their Gold betrapped Meeds,

With gentle glidings in the Summer Nights,
Still yielded me the Evenings sweet delights.

A Crown Garland

An hundred Gentlemen in purple chains,
As many Virgin Maids were still in trains,
The Queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For treasure could not equal this my Story.
But yet at last my golden Sun declined,
And Englands Court at these my ioyes repined,
For soon my Husband in his honour'd place,
Amongst the Barons reaped some disgrace.

(height,
Which grudge being grown, & sprung up to that
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight,
And then in Prison cast good Royal Duke,
Without mis-deed he suffered vile rebuke:
They took from him their great Protectors name,
Through causes which those Peers did caly
And after overcome with malice deep, (framp,
My noble Lord they murdered in this sleep.

The kind young King having thus his uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vext and cross,
For such ambition in the Land then bred,
That from the factious House of York took head:
Oh Kingly Lancaster, my Husband's line,
His death began his fall as well as mine,
For being dead his Livings and his Lands
They seized all into King Henries hands:
And after turn'd me friendless out of doore
To spend my dayes like to a Woman poore.
Discharging

of Golden Roses.

Discharging me from all my pinnall train,
But Elenor would a Lady still remain.

The Noble spirit of a Champions will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still,
And raging so in my revengefull mind,
Till I the Murderers of my Lord did find,
But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no Justice could by Law take right,
But yet to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of Hell and of the Devil.

To practise Witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the Witch of Ellyent,
And for old Bullingbrook of Banbury,
Of whom for charms the Land was much in fear,
We slept by day, and walkt at midnight hours,
The time that spells have force & greatest powers,
The twilights and the dawning of the morn,
When Elves & Fairies make their gliding forme,
Red streaming blood fell down my aye'd being,
To make Characters in round circled beins,
With dead mens skulls by byrstone burn'd quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the night,
All this by black enchanting Arts to doill,
Their hated bloods that did Duke Humfrey kill,
My Royall Lord, untimely ta'ne from me,
Yet no revengement for him I could see.

A Crown Garland

For by the hand of iustful dooming Heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice giben,
How we by Witch-craft sought the Spoil of those
That secretly had been Duke Humfreys Treas:
Wherefore my two Companions for this Crime,
Did suffer Death, e're Nature spent their time;
Poor Elianor I, because of Noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than Death.

It pleased so the Council of my King,
To be dis-rob'd of every gorgeous thing;
My Chains, my Rings, and Jewels of such prize,
Were chang'd to rags more base than rugged frize
And by Command along each London Street,
To go in Penance, wrapped in a Sheet,
Bare-footed, with a Taper in my hand,
The like did never Lady in this Land.

My feet that lately trod the steps of Pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure;
Yet none alive, where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.
Break heart and die, here ended not my pain,
I judg'd was an Exile to remain,
And go a banisht Lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which God me gave,
Poor

of Golden Rofes

Boor banisht Elianor spent to find her Graue,
And left this Land where she was bred and born
In forreign Sholes for her misdeeds to moune;
The Ile of Man, incompass'd by the Sea,
To England, named so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the warty Round,
Till Time & Death found me a burying Ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content,
Remembring former joys of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of good Duke Hamfryes wife
The loss of Greenwich towers did grieve me sore,
But death of my dear Lord ten thousand more.
Yea, all the joys once in my Bower and Hall,
Are Darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel dear friends, farewel my Courtly trains
My late Renown is turn'd to ling'ring pains,
My melody of Musicks silber sound,
Are Snakes and Adders hissing on the ground:
The Downy Bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are Sun-burnt heaps of Wols now seeming soft;
And Waxed Tapers lighting to my Bed,
Be Stars about the silber Moon bespred.

Instead of Wine, I drinke of waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful Banquets dear:
Thus

A Crown Garland

Thus chaungedly lately come, and courtly loves,
When pleasure ended with such deep annoyers!
My beauteous cheeks where Cupid want'd to play,
Are wringled grown, & quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes stark blind,
And all my body altered from her kind.

Ring out my Kneel you birds in top of Sky,
Quite tir'd with woes, here Elinor needs must die.
Received me Earth into thy gentle womb,
A banisht Lady craves no other tomb.
Thus dy'd the famous dutchess of our Land,
Controul'd by changing fortunes stern command;
Let those that sit in place of high degree,
Think on their ends, that like to her's may be.

A Courtly new Song, of the Princely Wooing of
the Fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

To the Tune of, Bonny sweet Robin.

Fair Angel of England, thy beauty most bright
Is all my heart's treasure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me sweet Lady, thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle so true and chaste in her Love,

By

of Golden Roses. A

By gentle perswasions; her stancy will moke,
Then be not increas'd of woe Lady, in toke,
For Nature requirith what I would obtain,

The Phoenix so famous, that lieth alone,
Is adow'd to Chastity, being but one;
But be not, my Darling, so chaste in bed,
Lest thou, like the Phoenix, do yerselfe bed.

But alas (gallant Lady) I pittie thy state,
In being resolued to live without mate;
For if of our courting the pleasures you knew,
You would have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtain,
Yet am I requited with scornfull disdain;
But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You shall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chastest that lieth, though never so nice:
What Woman so worthy but will be content
To live in a Palace where Princes frequent.

(led,
Two Brides young & Princely to Church have I
Two Ladies most worthy have decked my bed,
Yet hath thy love taken more Root in my heart,
Than all their contentment, whereof I had part.

A Crown Garland

Your gentle hearts can't men's tears much abide,
And women most angry when they least do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length,
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant, that faire Ladies may poor men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list
A King may command her to lye by his side,
Whose feature deserbeth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love, you purchase renown,
Your head shall be deckt with Engl. fair Crown;
The garments so gallant with gold shall be wrought
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of Honour shall tend on thy train,
Most rich attired with Scarlet in grain,
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keep,
Where Virgins with Musick shall rock thee asleep.

If any more pleasures the heart can invent,
Command them, Sweet Lady, thy mind to content;
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes do dwell
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome Sweet Virgin to me.

The

of Golden Ases.

The fair Maiden of Londons Answer to King

Edward's wanton Love and Chide

To the same Tune.

O wanton King Edward, tis labor in vain,
To follow the pleasures thou canst not attain
Which getting thou loest, and having lost wast it
The which if thou purchasest, is spoilt if thou hast it

But if thou obtain it it, thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing, yet quite am undone:
But if of that Jewel a King do deceive me,
No King can restore, tho' a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My labour is vanisht, my beauty is past,
The rolie red blushes that sat on my cheeks,
To paleness are turn'd, which all men mislike.

I pass not what Princes for Love do protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards Wyde.

The name of a Princess I never did crave,
No such type of Honour thy handmaid will have,

A Crown Garland

My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.
If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henries brave Court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a Queen.
All men have their freedom to follow their intent,
They win not a Woman, except she consent:
Who then can impute to Man any fault,
Who still do go upright until Woman do hault?
Tis counted a kindness in Men for to try,
And vertue in Women the same to deny:
For Woman unconstant can never be prov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If Woman and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name Credit and for ever:
And Royall King Edward, let me be exil'd,
Ere any man knows that my bodie's defil'd.

No, no, my old Fathers reverend tears
Too great an impression within my soul bears;
Nor shall his bright honor that blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with grief to the Grave.
The heavens forbid, then when I shall dye,
That

of Golden Rofesa

That any fuch thing upon my foul fhould need
 If I have, thus kept me from doing this final
 My heart fhall not yield with addiface to any ear
 : All things alwaye
 Come rather, with pity, to my fowle my tomb,
 Than for my fowle body to my dear Mothers womb,
 That thing in fowle a blafphem which ftained
 With wretched death, to fowle her and me. (the,

Leave me (moft Noble King) redemption in baine
 My milk-white ffections with fowle to ftain;
 Though England will give me no comfort at all
 Yet England will give me no lad burials

The Story of Ill May-day, in the time of King
 Henry the Eighth, and why it was fo called,
 and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of
 two thoufand London Prentices.

To the Tune of, Celler good night

Peruse the Stories of this Land, and how it was
 and with adiffement mark the fame;
 And you fhall fully understand
 how Ill May-day fhall got the name.
 For when King Henry the Eighth did reign,
 and rul'd our famous Kingdom here,
 His Royal Queen he had from Spain,
 with whom he liv'd full many a year;
 Queen

A Crown Garland

Queen Katherine nam'd, as dooeth tell,
Forbidlines his elder Brothers Will;
By which unlawful Marriage fell
an endless trouble during life:
But such kind love he still conceiv'd,
Of his late Queen and of her Friends;
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
their Journeys fast for England bend.

And with good leaue they suffered
within our Kingdom herend stay,
Which multitude made Villains deare,
and all things else from day to day
For Strangers then did so increase,
by reason of King Henries Queen,
And priviledg'd in many a place
to dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor Tradersmen had small dealing then,
and who but Strangers bore the Bell?
Which was a grief to English men,
to see them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God-wot) upon May-Day,
as Prentices on Maying went,
Who made the Magistrates believe,
at all to have no other intent.

But such a May-gaie it was known
as like in London never were,

For

of Golden Roses.

For by the same full many a one,
with loss of life did pay full dear :
For thousands came with Bilboe Blade,
as with an Army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
of foreign strangers in the street,
That all the Channels ran down with blood,
in every street where they remain'd ;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
that any of their part maintain'd :
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
beyond the Seas though born and bred,
By Apprentices they suffered wrong,
when armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike Troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
what they by force thus took in hand :
Till at the last King Henries power,
this multitude encompass round,
Where with the strength of Londons Tower,
they were by force suppress and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by Martial Law,
on Sign-posts at their Masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,

A Crown Garland

and frighted from such loud uproars:
And others which the fact repented,
(two thousand Prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
as Mayor and Magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tyed,
through Temple-Bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tryed,
with Ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
till then was never heard or known,
By Mothers for their Children sweet,
unhappily thus overthrow.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments,
possess the Court with trembling fear;
Whereat the Queen her self relents,
though it concern'd her Country dear:
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood,
have Londons stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this Countreys good,
and pardon for these Young-men get.

Or else the World will speak of me,
and say Queen Katherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
these young-men did these fortunes find:

And

of Golden Roses.

And so discrob'd from rich attires,
with hairs hang'd down, the sadly hyes,
And of her gracious Lord requires
a boon, which hardly he denyes.

The liues (quoth she) of all the blooms
yet budding green, these Wourths I crave;
O let them not have timeleſs Tombs,
for nature longer limits gabe:
In ſaying ſo, the pearled tears
fell trickling from her Princely eyes;
Whereat his gentle Queen he chears,
and ſays, ſtand up, ſweet Lady riſe.

The liues of them I freely giue,
no means this kindneſs ſhall debar;
Thou haſt thy boon, and they may liue,
to ſerue me in my Bullen War:
No ſooner was this pardon giben,
but peals of joy rung through the Hall;
As though it thundred down from Heauen;
the Queens renown amongſt them all.

For which (kind Queen) with joyful heart,
ſhe gabe to them both thanks and praiſe,
And ſo from them did gently part,
and liu'd beloved all her days:
And when King Henry ſtood in need

A Crown Garland

of trusty Souldiers at command:
These Prentices prov'd Men indeed,
and fear'd no force of Warlike Band.

For at the Siege of Tours in France,
they shew'd themselves brave English-men;
At Bullein then they did advance

Saint Georges lusty Standard then:
Let Turwin, Turney, and those Towns,
that good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's Prentices Renowns,
and of their deeds by them there done.

For All May-day, and All May-Games,
perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
or stains of Manhood any ways:
But now it is ordain'd by Law,
we see on May-days Eve at night,
To keep unruly Youths in awe,
by Londons Watch in Armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
which once through headstrong young-men came
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

The

of Golden Roses.

The Life and Death of the two Ladies of Fins-
bury, that gave ~~Sho~~ fields to the City, for
the Maidens of London to dry Cloaths in.
To the Tune of, Where is my true Love.

You Gallant London Damselfs,
a while to me give ear,
And be you well contented
with what you now shall hear;
The deeds of two kind Ladies,
before you shall appear:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

At Finsbury there dwelled
a gallant Noble Knight,
That for the love of Iesus Christ
desired for to fight:
And so unto Jerusalem
he went in Armour bright:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And charged both his Daughters,
unmarried to remain,
Till he from blessed Palestine
returned back again:
And then two loving Husbands
for them he would attain:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

A Crown Garland

When he was gone from fair England,
a Knight of Rhodes to be:
His Daughters they were well content,
though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate,
of living orderly;
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The eldest of the two was nam'd
fair Mary, as is said;
Who made a secret vow to God,
to live and die a Maid,
And so a true professed Nun
her self with speed array'd;
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Her Garments were of mourning black,
befitting her desires;
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
the Abbess she requires
An entertainment to be made,
to their melodious Quires:
Oh sweet singing Maids so fair.

Where in the Punnery she remain'd,
beloved many a year;
Still spending day and night in prayers,
for her old Father dear:

of Golden Roses.

Refusing worldly vanities,
with ioy and pleasant chear:
Oh heavenly blest Maidens so fair.

And in the name of Iesus Christ Christ,
a holy Crosse did build,
Which some haue seen at Bedlam Gate,
adjoyning to Moor-field:
These be the blessed springing fruits,
that Chastity doth yield:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

If that Englands great Royal Queen,
I should be made, quoth she,
Not half so well contented then,
good Ladies, should I be:
There is no life that's half so sweet,
as Virgins life I see:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

No: will I tast the ioyes of Love,
belong to Marriage-bed,
No: to a King consent to yield
my blooming Maiden-head:
Till from my Father I do hear,
to be alive or dead:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

So Virgin-like she spent her days,
about this pleasant Spring,

A Crown Garland

And us'd her self from time to time,
upright in every thing:
Which caus'd the Ladies of this Land,
her noble please to sing:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The younger of the Sisters nam'd
Dame Annis fair and clear,
Who framed there a pleasant Well,
by her esteemed dear;
Where Wives and Maidens daily came
to wash both far and near:
Oh Heaven blest Maidens so fair.

In it were all her Earthly Joys,
her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still,
with pleasure day and night;
As glorious as the golden Sun,
in all his beams so bright:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The lovely Ladies of the Land,
unto Dame Annis went,
Perswading her this single life
was not the best content:
The Married sort doth most command,
being still to pleasures bent:
Oh Maidens of London so fair, And

of Golden Roses.

And dayly troops of London Dames
unto her did repair,
With purest Lawn and Cambrick fine,
to wash both clear and fair:
And rich Embroidered Furnitures
of Child-bed Linnen rare;
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Thus lived these two Sisters here,
as you have heard it told,
Till time had chang'd their beauteous Cheeks,
and made them wrinkled old:
Then from their Father news was brought,
how he was wrapt in Mould:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

For the King of England soon,
the Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jerusalem
with Fame and Victory;
And brought their Fathers heart in Lead,
here buried for to be:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

This heart that spilt his dearest blood,
for Jesus Christ in Heaven,
Being thus unto his Daughters twain,
in kindness brought and giben;

A Crown Garland

Was mourned for three hundred days,
from Morning unto Even:
Oh Maidens of London so fair,

And then with lamentations,
Sweet Maidens being weary,
Their aged Fathers noble heart,
most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their Fathers Name,
as says our English Story:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
being buried in that place,
Now since then called Finesbury,
to his Renown and Grace,
Which times to come shall not out-wear,
nor yet the same deface:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And likewise when those Maidens dy'd,
they gave those pleasant Fields,
Unto our London Citizens,
which they most habely builds:
And now are made most pleasant Walks,
that great contentment yields
To Maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both Man and Wife,
may take the evening Air,

And

of Golden Roses.

And London Dames to buy their Cloaths,
may thither still repair :
For that intent most freely given,
by these two Damisels said,
Unto the Maidens of London for ever.

An excellent Song, made of the Successors of
King Edward the Fourth.

To the Tune of, *Man in desperation.*

When as the King of England was,
Edward the Fourth by Name;
He had two Sons of tender years,
for to succeed the same :
Then Richard Duke of Gloucester,
desiring Kingly sway,
Devis'd by Treason how to make
his Nephews both away.

He with the Duke of Buckingham
did closely then contrive
How he unto the English Crown,
might happily archieve :
Betwixt them both they laid a Plot,
and both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
our King incontinent.

This

A Crown Garland

This sweet young King did entertain
his Uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their secret hate,
and wicked Treachery:
But when the Duke of Buckingham
to set abroad the thing,

Began a Quarrel for the nonce,
with them that kept the King.

And there they did Arrest Lord Gray,
the Brother to the Queen,
Her other Brother Lord Rivers,
in durance then was slain.

Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise
did then and there Arrest;
Thus was the King of all his Friend,
on sudden dispossess.

The King doth for his Uncles plead,
and would their Sureties be:

But both these Dukes would in no case,
to his request agree.

In brief, these Noblemen were sent
to Pomfret-Castle soon,

Where secretly and suddenly,
they there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the King alone,
to London with great speed,

Uing

of Golden Rôses.

Using perswasions in such sort,
not to mislike their deed:
But when to London he was come,
for him they had prepar'd
The Bishops Palace there to hold,
but safely under Guard.

And then Duke Richmond takes on him
the keeping of the King,
Naming himself Lord Protector,
his purpose about to bring:
Devising how to get in hold
the other Brother too,
The which the Cardinal undertook
full cunningly to do.

The Cardinal then all in haste,
unto the Queen did come,
Using perswasions in such sort,
he got the other Son:
And then they both incontinent,
unto the Tower were sent,
After which time they ne'r came forth,
for death did them prevent.

Duke Richmond having found the means,
to work these Princes death,
Did cause James Tirrils hired men,
full soon to stop their breath:

Miles

A Crown Garland

Miles Forrest and James Diggins both,
these wicked careless men,
Were made the instruments of blood,
to work the murder then.

These Princes lying in their Bed,
being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
or meaning any harm :
These Villains in their Feathered-beds,
did wrap them up in hast,
And with the cloaths did smother them,
till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murdered,
where laid no man did know :
But mark, the judgement of the Lord
did sharp revenge soon show,
Betwixt the Dukes within short space,
such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham to please the King,
was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his Kingly Seat,
no rest nor ease could find.
The murder of his Nephews did
so sore torment his mind :
He never could take quiet rest,
his life he still did fear ;

his

of Golden Roses.

His hand upon his Dagger was,
and none might come him near.

At length the Earl of Richmond came
with such a puissant band,
That this usurping King was forc'd
in his defence to stand;
And meeting him in Bosworth-Field,
they fought with heart full fain,
But God (for shedding Princes blood)
caus'd Richard to be slain.

Then being dead upon a Horse,
all nak'd as he was born,
His flesh sore cut and mangled,
his hair all rent and torn.
And then Earl Richmond was worthily,
for this his deed of Fame,
Of England he was Crowned King,
Henry the Seventh by name.

From whose most Royal Loyns did spring
that famous King of might,
Henry the Eighth, whose worthy Deeds
our Chronicles recite:
Who dying left his Land and Crown
to Edward his sweet Son;
Whose Gracious Reign all England ru'd,
his time so soon was run.

His

A Crown Garland

His Sister Mary did succeed,
next Princess in this Land,
But in her time blind Ignorance
against Gods truth did stand:
Which caused many a Martyrs blood
be shed in rueful case;
But Gods did Englands woes regard,
and turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other Sister came,
Elizabeth, late Queen;
And she reliev'd her Subjects hearts
from grief and sorrow clean:
She spent her days in peace and joy,
and dyed Gods servant true,
And now enjoys a place in Heaven,
amongst the blessed True.

Next her succeeding Mighty James,
likewise of Henries Race,
His Majesty with Royal right,
deserves this worthy place;
Whose Progeny God long preserve,
this Kingdom for to sway,
And lend all Subjects Loyal hearts,
their Sovereign to obey.

of Golden Roses.

The Princely Song of the six Queens that were
Married to Henry the 8th. King of England.

The Tune is, Welladay.

When Englands Fame did ring,
Royally, Royally,
Of Henry the Eighth our King,
all the World over:
Such deeds of Majesty,
None he more worthily,
England to glorifie,
by the hand of fair Heaven.

His Royal Father dead,
curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in Lead,
as it appeareth:
Such a Tomb did he make,
For his sweet Fathers sake,
As the whole world may speak
of his gallant Glorie.

Englands brave Monument,
sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and Queens gave consent
to have it there graced:

H

Henry

A Crown Garland

Henry the Eighth was he,
Bullded in Gallantry,
With Golden bravery,
in his rich Chappel :

And after did provide,
carefully, carefully,
To chuse a Princely Bride,
for his Lands honour :
His Brothers Widdow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving Wife to be,
Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine
of Spain
his first
Wife.

Which Queen he loved dear,
many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty year,
e're they were parted.
From this Renowned Dame,
Mary his Daughter came,
Yet did his Bishops frame
to have her Divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew
how the King, how the King,
Prov'd in love most untrue,
thus to forsake her ;
Good Lord, what bitter woe

Did

of Golden Roses.

Did this fair Princess show,
Unkindly thus to go
from her sweet Husband!

O my kind Soberaign dear,
said the Queen, said the Queen,
Full two and twenty year
have I beeh Married:
Sure it will break my heart,
From thee now to depart,
I ne'r plaid wantons part,
Royal King Henry.

All this abailel nought,
woful Queen, woful Queen,
A Divoice being wrought,
she must forsake him:
Never more in his Bed
Laid she her Princely Head.
Was e're Wife so bestead,
like to Queen Katherine?

Amongst our English-men
of Renown, of Renown,
The Earl of Wiltshire then
had a vertuous fair Daughter,
A brave and Princely Dame,
Anna Bullein by name.

Anna
Bullein
his second
Wife.

A Crown Garland

This Virgin was by Name,
made Wife to King Henry.

From this same Royal Queen,
blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
came our sweet Princess
Englands Elizabeth,
Fairer Queen on the earth,
Happy made by her birth,
was this brave Kingdome.

When Anna Bulleins place,
of a Queen, of a Queen,
Had been for three years space,
more was her sorrow:
In the Kings Royal head,
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the Queen her head,
in Londons strong Tower.

Then took to Wife Lady Jane,
lovingly, loving,
That from the Seymours came, Jane Seymour
Nobly descended: his third
But her love bought the dear, Wife.
She was but Queen one year,

of Golden Roses

In Child-bed she dyed we hear,
of Royal King Edward.

England then understand,

famously, famously,

Princes three of this Land,

thus came from three Queens:

Katherine gave Mary birth,

Anna Elizabeth,

Jane; Edward by her death;

All Crown'd in England.

After these Married he,

all in fame, all in fame,

A Dame of Dignity,

fair Ann of Cleve.

Her sorrow soon was less;

Only six months a Queen,

Graces but growing green,

so quickly Divorced;

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,

woful Queen, woful Queen,

Two more as well as he,

married unto King Henry:

To enjoy loves delights;

On their sweet Wedding nights,

Which were her proper rites,

mournful young Princess.

A Crown Garlande

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blessedly, blessedly,
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of Golden Roses.

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fair Ann of Cleve. Ann of

Her sorrow soon was seen, Cleve his

Only six months a Queen, fourth

Graces but growing green, Wife

So quickly Divorced;

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,

woful Queen, woful Queen,

Two more as well as she,

married unto King Henry;

To enjoy loves delights;

On their sweet Wedding nights,

Which were her proper rites,

mournful young Princess.

A Crown Garland

First a sweet gallant Dame,
nobly boyn, nobly boyn,
Which had unto her name
fair Katherine Howard:

Katherine
Howard
his fifth
Wife.

But e're two years were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last,
Small time of Glozy.

After her, Katherine Parre,
made he Queen, made he Queen,
Late Wife to Lord Latimer
brave English Baron.

Katherine
Parre his
sixth Wife.

This Lady of Renown,
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his Crown
of thrice famous England.

Six Royal Queens you see,
gallant Dames, gallant Dame,
At command Married he,
like a great Monarch:
Yet lives his famous Name,
Without spot or defame.
From Royal Kings he came,
whom all the World fear'd.

of Golden Roses.

The lamentable Complaint of Queen Mary, for
the unkind departure of King Philip, in
whose absence she fell sick, and dyed.

The Tune is, Crimson Velvet.

Mary doth complain,
Ladies be you moved;
With my Lamentations;
and my bitter moans:
Philip King of Spain,
whom in heart I loved,
From his Royal Queen
unkindly now is gone;
Upon my Bed I lye,
Sick and like to dye;
help me Ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a Lady dear:
better can his love content:
Oh Philip most unkind,
Bear not such a mind,
to leave the Daughter of a King:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
and sweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy Royal sake,
this my Countries danger,

A Crown Garland

And my Subjects woes,

I dayly do procure :

My burning love to make,
noble Princely stranger,

And the lame to mope,
where it was settled sure,

Divers in this Land,

Against my foes did stand,
pawning their lives therefore :

And for the same were slain,

Gentle King of Spain,

Streets ran down with purple gore.

Forty thousand men,

All in Armour then,

this noble Kingdom did provide :

To Mary Englands Queen,

Before thou shouldst be seen,

or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great good will,

I see is not regarded,

And my favours kind,

are here forgotten quite :

My good is paid with ill,

and with hatred rewarded,

I unhappy Queen,

left here in woful plight,

On our English shore,

Rever

of Golden Roses.

Never shall I more
thy comely personage behold,
Nor upon the Throne,
Gloriously be shown,
in thy purple Robes of Gold,
Oh my heart is slain,
Sorrow, care and pain,
dwells within my sobbing breast;
Death approacheth near me,
Because thou wilt not cheere me,
thou gallant King of all the West.

Those Jewels and those Kings,
and that Golden Treasure;
First to win my Love,
thou broughtest out of Spain;
Now unto me brings
no delight, no pleasure,
But a sorrowful tear,
which ever will remain:
Thy Picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
causeth tears amain to flow,
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I have none,
but lamenting sighs of woe;
The Chair of State adorned,
Seemeth as if it mournd,
Binding

A Crown Garland

binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I led
Unto my Marriage-Bed,
Sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you Ladies kind,
bying my Gown of Sable,
For I now now must mourne,
the absence of my Lord.
You see my Love-sick mind,
is no longer able
To endure the String
of Cupids pricking Sword:
My dying heart doth rest
In Philips Princely breast,
my Bosome keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side,
and follow him through Tower and Hall.
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove
As constant as the Dove,
and this shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my Dying Knell,
Ladies so Renowned,
For your Queen must dye,

and

of Golden Roses.

and all her Pomp forsake :
England now farewell,
for the fates have crowned,
And now ready stand,
my breathing life to take :
Consume with speed to ayre,
Fading Ghost is faire,
with my milk-wings to flie :
Where sitting on the Throne,
Let my Love be shewn,
that for his sake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever blessed,
Though I die distressed,
gallant King of high renown.
The Queen now broken-hearted,
From this world is parted,
in the Heavens to wear a Crown.

The Battle of Agen-Court, between the English-
men, and the French-men.
The Tune is, Flying Fame.

A Council Gave our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That they may truly understand,
that France did hold his right :
Unto the King of France therefore,
Ambassadors were sent, That

A Crown Garland

That he might fully understand,
his mind and his intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise,
his lawful right to yield,
Or else he vowed by dint of Sword,
to win the same in Field:

The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his Message plain,
Unto our brave Embassadors,
did answer in disdain;

And feign'd our King was yet too young,
and of too tender age;

Therefore we weigh not of his Wars,
nor fear not his Courage:

His knowledge is in feats of Arms
as yet but very small;

His tender Joynts more fitter were
to tosse a Tennis-Ball.

A Tun of Tennis-Balls therefore
in pride and great disdain,

He sent unto our noble King,
to recompence his pain:

Which answer when our King did hear,
he waxed wroth in heart,

And said he would such Balls provide,
should make all France to smart.

of Golden Roses.

An Army then our King did raise,
which was both good and strong,
And from Southampton is our King,
with all his Navy gone:

In France he Landed safe and sound,
with all his Watlike Train,
Unto the Town of Hurslew next,
he marched up amain.

But when he had besieg'd the same,
against their fenced Walls,
To batter down their stately Towers,
he sent his English Balls:
This done, our Noble English King,
march'd up and down the Land,
And not a French-man for his life,
durst once his force withstand.

Until he came to Agen-Court,
whereas it was his chance,
To find the King in readiness,
with all his power in France:
A mighty Host he had prepar'd
of Armed Souldiers then,
Which were no less by just account,
than forty thousand men:

Which sight did much amaze our King,
for he and all his Host,

But

A Crown Garland

Not passing fifteen thousand had,
accounted with the most :
The King of France which well did know
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our Prince,
did send a Herald then,

To understand what he would give
for ransome of his life,
When they in field had taken him,
amidst their bloody strife :
And then our King with chearful heart,
this answer soon did make,
And said, before this comes to pass,
some of your hearts shall quake :

And to your proud presumptuous Prince,
declare this thing, quoth he,
Mine own heart-blood shall pay the price,
none else he gets of me :
With that bespoke the Duke of York,
O Noble King, quoth he,
The leading of this Battle have,
vouchsafe to give to me.

God-a-mercy Cousin York, quoth he,
I grant thee thy request,
Then march thou on courageously,
and I will lead the rest.

Then

of Golden Roses.

Then came the bragging French-men down,
with cruel force and might,
With whom our noble King began
a hard and cruel fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,
so thick as hail from sky,
That many a French-man in the field,
that happy day did dye :
The Horsemen tumbled on the Stakes,
and so their lives they lost,
And many a French-man there was ta'n
as Prisoners, to their cost.

Ten thousand men that day were slain,
of enemies in the field,
And as many Prisoners,
that day were forc'd to yield.
Thus had our King a happy day,
and Victory o'er France,
And brought them quickly under foot,
that late in Pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our Noble King,
and grant to him likewise,
The upper hand and Victory
of all his Enemies.

F I N I S.

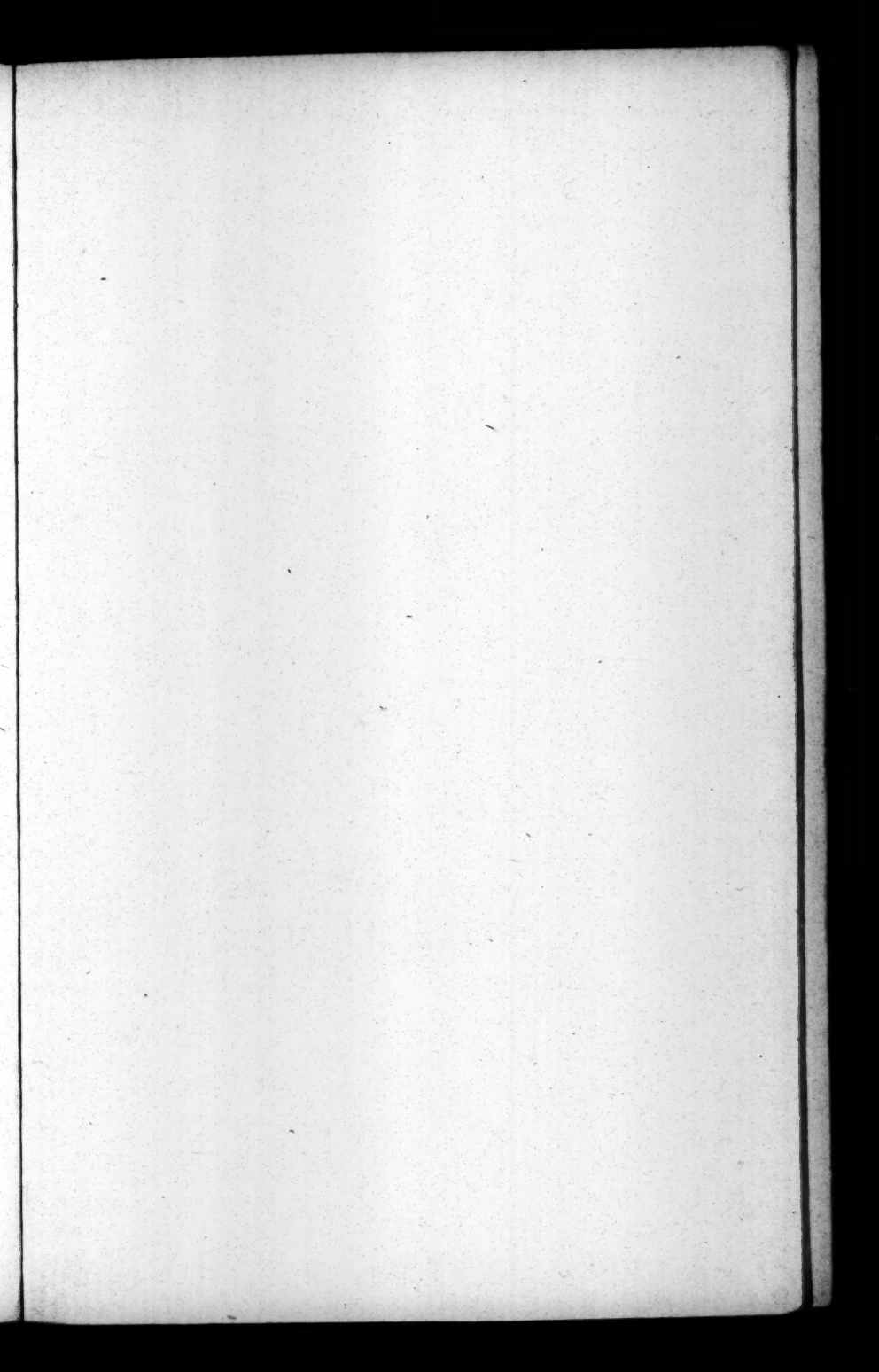
26 Feb 1950

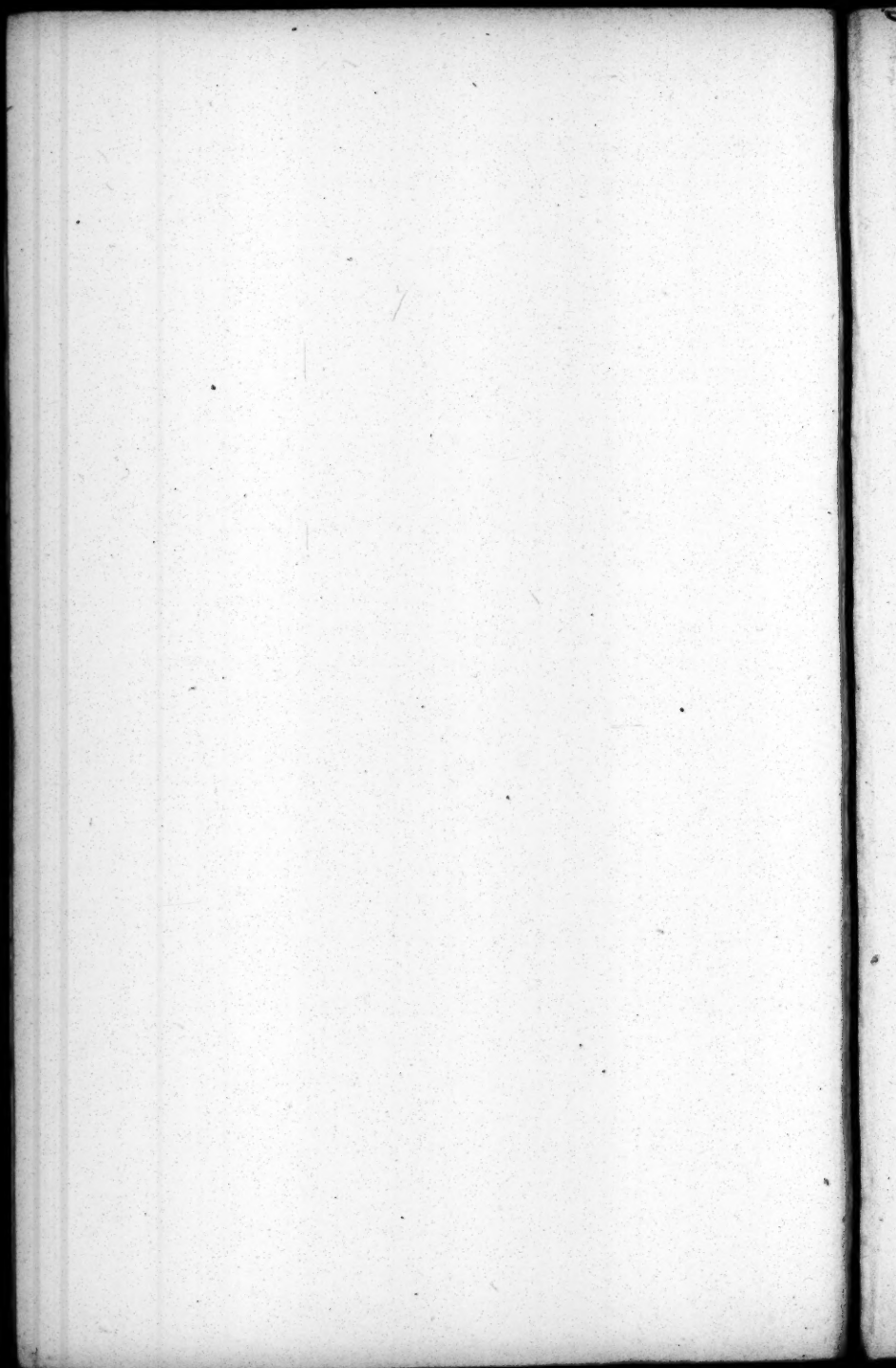
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the various departments of the Government of the State of New York, for the year 1900.

This image is a severely degraded scan of a document page. It features extensive noise, including large dark smudges, vertical streaks, and horizontal banding. Faint, illegible text is visible through the noise, appearing as ghosting of the original document's content.

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Johnson, Richard

